lia between her and the world: that make Cuba's highest social Utopian in its purity and re-

ARISTOCRACY

of the literary world of her country than do many of cur up-to-date American girts. And not content with charming him with the beauty of her face, she talks to him of the eleverness of her countryman, Don Jose Silverio Jorron, who wrote "Folicio de Ginebra." She is tamiliar with the beauty of her face, she talks to him of the eleverness of her countryman, Don Jose Silverio Jorron, who wrote "Folicio de Ginebra." She is tamiliar to the country and the country and the soung Englishman she knows all about his great Shakespeare, She can chat with the young Spaniard friendly to her country about Cervantes, and with the American towist talks freely about all the questions of the day.

When married she does not continually appear before her husband, her voice lowered lest she wake the bables, but if on their monitals drives the question arises, she can oute from Jose Quintin Suzarte on "La Question Economica de Cubs," and knows the very young Cuban gentleman whom her daughter. "Mercedes," now grown, should meet.

Weredes, just home from a French convent, wars very, stylish cothes. They are of a material neavier than those which when so wife and mother she reigns queen of the home, the life of the were cuban woman has the veil of her material neavier than those which her pretty young mother wears, and of the contest.

Mercedes, just home from a French convent, wars very, stylish cothes. They are of a material neavier than those which her pretty young mother wears, and of the contest.

Mercedes, just home a French convent walls till the world:

Manila, Nominated to Office of Town Clerk.

COFFETVILLE, KAS, March 18.—(Special), Miss Lelia C, Elliott, daughter of Captain D, 8. Elliott, of the Twentleth Kansas regiment, who was recently killed at Manila, is a candidate for town clerk of Coffeyville, Kas, Her name appears as a candidate on both the town thekels, that of the Citizens' party, The campain is one of the hottest in the history of Coffey-ville, expressive party. The campain is one of the hottest in th

acty made many warm friends and admirers.

When Captain Elliott made up his mind to go to the Philippines he was confronted with the question of what to do with the office of town clerk, to which he had been chosen at the last election. The office is one of the best within the gift of the people of the town, and was the principal source from which the Elliott family was provided with the comforts of life. If he went to war he could not hold the office, hence this revenue would be cut off. However, his patriotism and enthusiasm did not weaken; for when it looked so discouraging for him his two daughters. Leila and Irene, came this rescue. They agreed to assume the duties of the clerk's office. Captain Elliott consulted the mayor and council and they informed him that it the young women could manage the affairs of the office ratisfactorily they could fill their father's unexpired term. The girls took charge of the office and proved their competence so completely that, as has been said, Miss Leila was nominated by both parties as a candidate for the office.

Courtship in Cubs.

When I heard that in this atmosphere young woman never visited alone, drove alone, attended a party alone, or worse than that, saw her sweetheart alone, I see her one must have the unusual their love. I was told then that the Cubar coratic Cuban home, as quaint in



DRAWING ROOM OF CUBAN HOUSE.

covers, its fountains and statu-ionizes, the center about which built, is where the Cuban wom-sact of her time.

I have of her childhood till the deal age she basks there in the funnity and ease. As a tiny white slips and socks she learns are with the beauty of the flow-league of the birds and the sto-



determined to have an invitation and to attend it. Faure promised her the invitation. When he went home that day he remarked to Madame Faure that among those who were importuning him for invitations to the ball was an actress, and he proceeded to present Sorel's claims in the same way that they had been presented to him. But his acting did not work, Madame Faure smelt a rat and put her foot down. She finally delivered as an untimatum that if the actress were invited she and her daughter would remain away.

Bo Fellx had to go to Borel and ask to be permitted to withdraw his promise to send her an invitation. Strangely enough therefore, the last half day of his life was spent in this manner. He called first upon Cardinal Cichard and for two hours distant pair of the garden, but not one inch can they budge from under the acrustinging gase of the two papas, who, if they approve of what appears to be so, say: Bless you, my children; you are bettothed.

But now they can go off alone and talk it all over," the sympathetic American girl may observe.

I hoped so, too, but they can't; and their betrothed is a was a say and the progress when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the fancy dress ball. Sorel flew into a rage when the pressible of the invitation to the invitati

it all over." the sympathetic American girl may observe.

I hoped so, too, but they can't; and their betrothal is as well chaperoned as the first days of their meeting. If the papas grow tired, somebody else takes their place in the role of vigilance, and not until the Cuban lover claims his bride can be demand the privilege of telling her that "he loves her," all alone.

Cuban Homes.

The structure of the average Cuban home or villa is such as to admit of the largest

or villa is such as to admit of the largest and most brilliant entertainment. The drawing rooms and the living rooms open upon the tiled gaileries that border the picturesque little courtyard, where those preferring a promenade there in moonlight can see the graceful forms of the young couples enjoying the dance in the gayly decorated apartments.

The drawing rooms are spucious apartments of luxurious furnishings, the Cuban gentlemen preferring family portraits and the curios that have been in his family for generations to all the beauties of more modern adornment. His libraries are interesting since there are no public libraries in Havana, and those of the wealthy private homes are complete and eigant. There is no conventional mode of arranging or furnishing the pariors or reception rooms, or even the dining rooms, airy com-

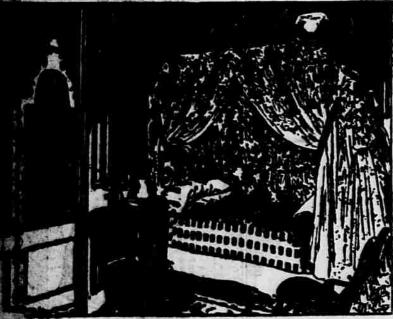
ing or furnishing the pariors or reception rooms, or even the dining rooms, airy comfort being evident on all sides; but the Cuban hedroom is a unique apartment all to itself.

I was privileged to enter the quaint apartment of a young Cuban whose beauty and brightness makes her one of the acknowledged belies of Havana's social world, and I was struck by the quaintness of the environment.

deged belies of Havana's social world, and it was struck by the quaintness of the entrol was the Belie of the was struck by the quaintness of the entrol was the convent walls, when her terim.

The floor was of blue and white tiles, dotted about with rugs of delicate patterns, and the little onys and brass bed was fairly smothered with lace curtains. These were draped back on one side with literaphone, and I noticed the coverlid was heavy with colored embroidery.

The dressing table had the tollet articles of Dresden china, rather than silver, and the wicker chairs had heavy lace scarfs on the with the little dark-eyed Caban convent to a tribute that seems so honestrated a limitable that seems so honestrated the instance of the cuban woman. For the little these innocent to a particular than the particular that seems so honestrated the right seems to honestrate the mantilla is placed to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was a cluster of yellow buttercups, and the place of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the celling to the floor, there was no mantel, but at the base of the brass-framed mirror, reaching almost from the



BLEEPING ROOM OF A CUBAN BELLE.

per, and smiles coyly at the years of school life have ended to an daughter sits with her book picturesque surroundings of her to be. The dark eyelids half the looks from under them child-interestly, till some day or night mon the object—the one who exhaust love.

be Crisen women are rele-pant appears in life of indelent of these mental accomplish-try the brilliant light of intel-der year. No women in the many cultured, more accom-twerage Cubun women of the in I write being predictent in any of Latin; Spanish. French, and frequently German and my are essentially artistic in a and fond of literature, and to my that the young Cuban kying her first acquaintance.

From the New York World.

Rumsey—"Mighty poor judgment that Tompkins has, eh?"

Dumsey—"What's the Intest?"

Rumsey—"Went to a pound party the other night, and what do you spose he took?"

"Give it up."

"Pound of mustard. Said he thought it might come in handy for plasters—so much grip around." 1825, and who must have been delivering letters for the best part of sixty years. She was 3 years of age when she retired, and it is estimated that she must have walked a quarter of a million miles during walked a quarter of a million miles during her long service. Although she served a very sparsely populated district, she was never stopped nor molested in any way on her round and it is needless to say that she gained the respect of all with whom she came in contact. The tords of her majesty's treasury, recognising the exceptional circumstances of this woman's service, granted her half pay in the shape of pension, and the inhabitants of her native village took the occasion of her retirement to present her with a handsome testimonial.

Another postwoman in the Bristol district has ant succeeded her aunt as subpostmistress, the latter having served for forty-seven years, and reached the astonishing age of 55. The niece had served for forty-two years as postwoman, so that she must be well on to 60 on taking up her new appoistment.

PRESIDENT FAURE'S DEATH.

The True Story of How He Died in Mme. Sorel's Apartments, After

a Quarrel.

The late Felix Faure, president of the re-

public, died at the apartments of Mme.

Sorel, the well known vaudeville artist and

Parisian stage beauty. Sorel was one of

MME. SOREL.

oureusement personnelle a remettre en en-trant.

The other card in the case is on white cardboard, with a deep black border, and is as follows:

Republique Française—Funerailles de M. le President de la Republique, 23 Feyrler, 1899. Terrasse de l'Orangerle. Monsieur

Queer Advertisements.

Curiously worded advertisements are com-mon in the London papers. One paper offered a prize for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result:
"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she

is going abroad in a strong fron frame."
"For Sale—A room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

broad."

"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening snswering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and muzzle."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."
"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with movable headplece as good as new."

Soing flow With Jim Prom the Cleveland Plain Desier.

"And you have made Jim Jackson a deacon in your church."

"Tes. sah. Dat is, he's a brevet deacon.

"And what's a brevet deacon. George?"
"He's a deacon dat don't handle no money, sah." The Reward of Gagging.

"The entire nation is sore about it."
"What nation?"
"Vaccination."
"Will you inculate?"
"Don't care if 1 do."

from the Clereland Plain Dealer.

From the Christian Register.

from the New York World.

leautiful Parisian Actress and Friend of the Late President Faure.

New York Journal.



Big Jim and Little Jim-everybody knew them; big, stalwart Jim Canaday, ruddy and healthy, with a voice like thunder, and a heart like-well, like Little Jim's. Big Jim was "pop" to Little Jim, and Little Jim was the mascot of book and ladder company No. 22, of which Big Jim was

Little Jim was a born fireman, and the yearly chip-in from the boys of old 22 for his miniature helmet and uniform was Parisian stage beauty. Sorel was one of the president's favorites. She is excep-tionally attractive and intelligent and has social aspirations which she wished the president to help her to realize. Beveral days before his death Faure had decided upon holding a fancy dress ball at the Elysee. Borel heard of this ball and determined to have an invitation and to attend it. Faure promised her the invitasteadily growing in size, in proportion to his growth, and Little Jim was quite a lad as he approached his loth year. His father had worked his way up

through the department, and always had the crack crew of the force, and with such a big, brave leader, how could a fellow of them all be aught but the daringest, the swiftest and the best drilled there was: what outfit looked quite as gay and tasty in the holiday processions as did glittering H. & L. Co. 22? Were there any of the lads that could go through the manual of arms against them; was there another body of men in the town that could march so evenly and go through the intricate evoluevenly and go through the intricate evolutions so cleverly—or those white gloves
and blue coats, with their shining silver
luttons, were quite so spick and snap as
theirs? Was there a team among them
all that were groomed as were Fan and
Biddy? Were there any prouder, any
swifter, any more intelligent horses ever
sprang under the hames than did these
two iron-grays? Chroniclers say not one.
Was there ever a crew that could stand
more hard work and fatigue, and laugh
it all off; or who worked together as they
did, than these same? And I say, who
know, not one.
Big Jim and Little Jim boarded with Mrs,
Jim in the neat frame cottage next to

Jim in the neat frame cottage next to the "house;" day or night, if the call came, both Jims were ready; only Little Jim had had to curb his ardor and work off his Jim in the neat frame cottage next to the "house;" day or night, if the call came, both Jims were ready; only Little Jim had had to curb his ardor and work off his excitement by tremendous strides up and down the front yard, and hanging over the fence and looking with wistful eyes at the spinning wheels of H. & L. 22, as she swung right gallantly around the next corner, with Big Jim swinging his helmet toward the gossoon as he disappeared.

But that was when the boy really was "Little Jim; it wasn't long before the time came that he made his first run to a fire, and in his uniform; for a week Little Jim; slept with his helmet next to his head, and his shoes fixed to jump into, for he was a fireman at last, and "Little Jim" only because there was a bigger Jim.

Although from the very oay of his birth he had been the especial pride and delight of No. 22 company, his mascotship really began with that first run. His school tasks were made easy by a dozen willing coaches, and there never was an attraction strong enough to keep him loitering on the way from the chances of a swift wild ride to company of the "boys" and the horses, or from the chances of a swift wild ride to the stirring music of Shorty's boots on the gong-button.

Mrs. Jim, a true fireman's wife, liked it

gong-button.

Mrs. Jim, a true fireman's wife, liked it all; for her, the bravery and pluck of the life was almost as attractive as for her boy, indeed, and, indeed, Big Jim won her with the same dashing swing and the same overpowering vim that were winning the largest for his crew. aurels for his crew

But to-night brave Little Jim was down—"took bad" with pneumonia; his pulse raced at a fearful rate, and Big Jim, daged and helpless, stood beside, his big heart bursting; for the doctor had said, as kindly as he could, that he feared "Little Jim was going." Going? The big, strong, warmhearted father's brain thumped and throbbed to thus sentence in secondary. going. Going? The big, strong, and hearted father's brain thumped and throbbed to that sentence in agonizing

ident of the republic told her that it was impossible for him to keep his promise and send her the invitation.

He was no president in her eyes. She stormed at him. He complained of illness. He grew rapidly worse. Her fury gave place to tears and alarm. A priest was hastily summoned. He was Abbe Herzog, director of the Madeleine, and he administered the last sacraments to Sorel's dying friend at her own apartments.

The body of the president was at once removed to the Elysee, another priest, the Rev. Father Feuillette, prior of the Dominican convent, was called to the Elysee, readministered the sacrament and everybody who knew the secret was hushed up and made to tell white lies about it.

The foregoing facts are absolutely correct and all Paris is discussing them. By coincidence the funeral occurred on the same day for which the invitations to the ball had been issued. The cards to the ball were colored violet and read as follows:

Le President de la Republique et Madame Felix Faure prient Monsieur de leur faire l'honneur de venir passer la Soirce au Palais de l'Elysee, le Jeudel 33 Fevrier, a 9 heures et 1-2. On dansera. Carte rigoureusement personnelle a remettre en entrant.

The other card in the case is on white going. Going: Ine big. Strong, warm-hearted father's brain thumped and throbbed to that sentence in agonizing rhythm.

Mrs. Jim. too, was by, and the long, sleepless nights and days of watching had paled the roses of her cheeks, and the fear of a stricken deer was in her eyes. Both prayed the same thought without speaking—that the alarm might not call Big Jim away to-night—not to-night.

But there's an inscrutable fate that guides everything—firemen's lives and actions as well.

At about 12:30 the sharp clatter of the call-going and the stamping of the horses as they jumped into the harness fell on Big Jim's hearing, and for the first time in his life he hated those sounds; he rebelled at the cruelty of someone, something—Little Jim was going, and he must go? No; but yes.

The shaded lamp swung in red circles before Big Jim's burning eyes as he reached for his coat and helmet. Mrs. Jim, ready to drop, gathered herself together and said, brokenly: "Yell have to go. Jimmie; it's hard, dear, but ye'll have to go."

Big Jim stepped silently to the bedside and met Little Jim's eyes burning on him from the pillows, and rambling wildly in his pipe of a voice: "Little Jim can't go to-night, pop; turn on No. 5—Little Jim can't run with the boys to-night."

Big Jim could stand no more, and he sprang through the door and swung to the step of the machine as it whirled by at full clatter, the boys buttoning their clothing and drawing on their boots—the Lord knows how.

Shorty, the direct, had his pipe in his

That evening in one temporary home sprang through the door and swang to the sprang through the door and swang to the step of the makine as it whirted by at high growth and the post of the makine as it whirted by at high growth and the post of the makine as it whirted by at high growth and the post of the and the sea particle were cought to good and alarm and a long tun; and the gad for Fan and Biddy, but they din't need that to-night, for the cold was bitter and the lee particles were crough to good and long, screaming whistlings of the lash of the empty air.

That was all, but that meant occars—birsts of home, to so of the and bell to pay for wather. That was all, but that meant occars—birsts of home, to so of the and bell to pay for wather. The work and which it is a bell to said the second of speciators, and perhaps a searon for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and these work a log, surging crowd of speciators, and perhaps a searon for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims bodies in the debris, and the search for discs for fire victims and the search for the crisis of t

out anew, and the danger now lay in the found anew, and the danger now lay in the falling in of the roof; for any unfortunate mortal in there now it would be all over in a few minutes.

Big Jim knew that, as he stood, his rubber coat flung off and his helmet jammed low on his cars, refusing the volunteers who begged to ge up." No, boys, this is a job for Big Jim; keep your eyes about you and stand by to take the kid, one of yez, and then Big Jim; seix-feet-four swarmed up the forty-odd feet of hickory as though he were hunting coons. As he mounted, each step beat his boy's name on his heart. As the shouts of the crowd grew fainter in detail, they merged themselves into a hug-composite sentence, which repeated over and over: "Little Jim's goling, going." Lashed to desperation, he grasped the rails with frenzied force; felt the hall of cinders and glowing coals rattle round his head and felt the pliant "give" of the ladder spring back at each upward step, under his bulk; looked down between his feet and saw the upturned faces of the multitud watching him and uttering ever their chorus of "Little Jim's goling."

He arrived at the window and smasshed it with three blows of his heavy brasz-bound helmet, sash, glass and all. Astride the still, the paused for a moment, his temples still throbbing in unison with that banshee chorus from far below.

Into the gloom of the room he went, groping. He had forgotten the torch, but by the faint glow from the reflection of the fire on nearby buildings he made out that he was in a small room—a bedroom. The smoke was pretty thick, but not overpowering. In the corner was a mass that looked like a bed—it was: and in it he felt the curly head of a child, who was just beginning to cough and strangle from the smoke. Then Big Jim heard the ominous crack of timbers, and the tremor of sills and girders, and he knew that it was high time to be out of there. Bwift as a shadow, he wrapped the child in a blanket and swung him over his shoulder. Two strides brought him to the window, but the going."
The news flew round that Big Jim, fore

the news flew round that sig sim, fore-the flow and ladder No. 22, had per-formed a daring feat and had saved a child in the nick of time. The crowd pressed forward to see and to hall the hero. Someone told the chief just then child in the nick of time. The crowd pressed forward to see and to hall the hero. Someone told the chief just then that Big Jim was sick-bad; hastily he came to where he was and said; "What's all this I hear. Jim-been up to your tricks again, have you?" And he pointed up to the cauldron of flame which now occupled the place where Jim had been. Jim did not answer. He turned as if to resume the work, and the chief, noting the pain and pallor in his lieutenant's face, thought he was, in truth, ill. It decided him on the instant. "Jim, hook up and drive to the house; there's nothing more for 22-now, get in as quick as you can; see you later." Never was a relief from duty so welcome; never was there a deeper since of gratitude than was in Big Jim's heart then, not even in the hearts of the parents whose boy he had restored to them.

McGinty and the boys had discussed Jim's sorrow among them. Shorty jammed his pipeshank even an inch further than half its length into his jaws, as he gathered up the lines for the drivein.

It was peep o' day as they slowly pulled out, and crawled along for the first few blocks as they always did on the way home. But soon Fan and Billy must have thought there was another fire, for the extra inch of pipe stem laid them out in the old long lope again. But the best of it was that it was always towards home. No. 22 turned into the old familiar street just as it was Gay. Big Jim dropped off behind at his gate and strode into the yard. The front door opened and Mrs. Jim appeared. Putting her finger to her trembling lips, she half said, half sobbed: "Whist, alsy, dear. Little Jim's gone."

That evening in one temporary home there was gladness and cheer for the child that was saved; in another humble home there was anguish and grief and despair for the one that was lost. Fate so willed it that while the hero was allowed to save his neighbor's boy, he could not keep his own-his darling-his Little Jim. As to McGinty and the boys, and Fan and Biddy, there's no need to say-you'll guess all that.

ROBERT WIZIARDE.

ONE MORE STORY OF LINCOLN.

How Ahe Was Enabled to Contribute

\$20 to the Fire Brigade in His

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. At a recent dinner in Boston a former

equipped fire apparatus, and, desiring to

Miss Natalie Janotha, a Polish Musician Who Has Won Honor by Her Playing.

MISS NATALIE JANOTHA.

infscences of student days. At her first performance in Berlin she was handed from the platform by no less a personage than Count Von Mottke and the aged Paul Mendelssohn, brother of Felix, was among the audience, and congratulated her on her performance of his brother's composition. The young Polish planist took her friends by storm as a child; she has conquered as an artist.

by storm as a child; she has conquered as an artist.

Among the honors she holds are the Victoria badge, with which she was personally decorated by the queen, and the Diamond Jubilee commemoration medal. Lately, too, she has received from her majesty "Some Leaves From the Highlands," beautifully bound and enriched with the queen's own bandwriting. "To Natalia Ja-

tifully bound and enriched with the queen's own handwriting: "To Natalie Ja-notha. From Victoria, R. L."

Town.

This is the president of the Viennese REMARKABLE CAREER OF MISS ES-

in the crewd, pushing his way to another part of the work.

Bit Jim and scenness, were soon warmed us to be the work.

Bit Jim and seed and repeated through his player, leaving all communication from the player leaving at the first alarm, and were standing, half dressed-soone of distriction in the face that was all an another than the seed of the structure of trict, and become thoroughly acquainted with the needs of her charges, so that necessary changes may be made. Miss Reel

s at sele lang s, de shif peop and

FRAULEIN REINGRUBER.

capital. The members of this society have pledged themselves to live solely on the wages of their art, and not to accept the attentions of any men except such as are "fair and honest." Fraulein Reingruber is a beautiful girl, and that she is thorough by the critics. She has made a success of the work.

Miss Reel first came into prominence in 1887, when she ran for the office of county superintendent of schools in Laramie county. Wyo., and was elected by a large majority, much to the surprise and once of the male candidates, who had predicted a crushing defeat for the attentions of any men except such as are "fair and honest." Fraulein Reingruber is a beautiful girl, and that she is thorough by in earnest with her new agitations is avowed even by the critics. She is is



MISS ESTELLE REEL Superintendent of Indian Schools

education in the schools of Chicago, St.
Louis and Boston.

She served two terms—four years—as county superintendent of schools, and then tired of the routine work of school life. The election came around, Then Miss Reel demonstrated her ability as a campaign manager. She wanted the position on the fair of state superintendent of public instruction in the fair of state superintendent of public instruction in the fair of state superintendent of public instruction on the fair of state superintendent of public instruction on the fair of state superintendent of public instruction on the fair of state superintendent of public instruction on the fair of state superintendent of public instruction on the fair of state superintendent of public instruction and superintendent of public instruction additional superintendent of state superintendent of public instruction of the superintendent of THE KAISER'S COURT PIANIST. Miss Natalie Janotha, court planist to Emperor William, is now in London, and is made the subject of a sketch in the Lady's Pictorial. Miss Janotha is a Polish woman, but received her artistic training in Germany, studying under Joachim, Madame Schumann and Brahms Miss Janotha has many interesting rem-

As superintendent of instruction she held the exofficio position of secretary of the state board of charities and penal insti-

tutions, and also served ex officio as secretary of the state land board. As secretary and register of the latter board she
nandled several hundreds of thousands of
dollars, received as rent from public lands.
When she became register the office was
paying into the state treasury \$100 per
week: in the course of a year she had
brought the returns up to \$1,000 per week.
She held this position until appointed supcrintendent of Indian schools.

Miss Reed is a woman reformer in the
broadest sense. She is educated, progressive, broad-minded, and possessed of a
healthy egotism that stands up for its own
rights, while it never forgets the rights
of others. Above all, she has good
sense. Two years ago she was boomed for
governor of the state. She disclaimed the
ability to manage the affairs of a state
as the best man that Wyoming could find.
She says the women of Wyoming, who poil
half the vote, will be satisfied with one of
the six state offices, and that office is the
state superintendent of public instruction.
Miss Reel has a striking personality. She Miss Reel has a striking personality. She has well formed features and a sparkle in her eye that denotes an energetic nature. Her face shows strong character, and her well formed mouth is but an indication of that determination with which she overcomes difficulties. Her political campaigning has not spoiled her womanly qualities. She is still the handsome, pleasant, and entertaining hostess. She has the woman faculty for seeing the bright side of life, and has a smile and kind word for the lowest of her subordinates. She is impulsive, but generous to a fault. She has the utmost confidence of her superfors, and the highest respect of her subordinates.

Her work has given the best of satisfaction, and this year, with the consent of the officials at the Indian office, she proposes to fully establish the manual training classes in the Indian schools of the Northwest. ng classes Northwest.

Good Cooks Are Hard to Keep.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"They say that the wife of the new president of France is a good cook."

"Well, the president of France is a lucky man if she is satisfied with her place."



The Yorick Club, of London, is nothing if not individual. Recently it held its tenth annual dinner and the menu card was supposed to be the finest and the most original in the history of the organization. The design was drawn by 8.

H. Sime. For grim and weird intensity nothing could excel Mr. Sime's representation of the death's-head dandy, who is the moment and because it is the moment.

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